campaign would amount to support of *their* deputies, and my plan was accepted unanimously.

I volunteered to start with a couple of meetings, and it was decided to begin with the cartridge factory on Vassily Island and in the Putilov works.

The first meeting proved to be easy. The factory was not far from the public works in the harbor. I knew the place well—a single police post at the gate, the next post half a mile away, and the nearest police barracks three miles distant. At the hour the shifts changed, I was at the grilled factory gate with a commando of about fifty youths from the harbor. We stood on the far side of the street. As soon as the gate opened, the boys crossed the street, linked arms, and formed a semicircular chain in front of the entrance. I mounted the nearest curbstone, the crowd pressed around me, and those in front shouted to those in the rear, "Come closer. . . . On behalf of our comrades of the Duma. . . ." I had a good half hour for my speech and disbanded the meeting when mounted police appeared in the distance.

It was not so easy to arrange the meeting in the Putilov works. The entire area was guarded. There were strong detachments of police at each gate, foot and horse patrols, reserves on vacant lots. A flying meeting at the gate was out of the question. On the other hand, a meeting in a shop would expose its workers to reprisal. We therefore decided to hold an open-air meeting inside the premises, at the crossing of two roads.

After dusk I went to the house of a mechanic who had promised to take me into the works. He gave me his old work clothes and told me where to hang the badge in the entrance office and where to go from there, following him. I passed the office without difficulty but, without my glasses, very soon lost my guide. At that moment somebody tapped me on the shoulder and whispered, "Follow me."

A bearded man passed me and I went after him. He stopped between two high piles of rails and said, "We can wait here. But your face shows. . . . A bit of oil would help. . . ." He handed me a rag soaked in machine oil.

As in the old days of 1905, the air was full of whistles and clangor. We climbed on a pile some ten to twelve feet high. People appeared in front of the pile—first in small groups, then in strength. The passage was filled with men. Somebody shouted from the darkness, "Stop, comrades! On behalf of our deputies in jail. . . ."

I could not see the people around the pile. Without thinking of my disguise, I took out my glasses and put them on. Now I could discern the faces turned up to me, tired, tense faces soiled with oil and soot. Again, as in 1905, I felt myself a part of the crowd. I be-